

# GIZMO and the GREMLINS

GREMLINS 

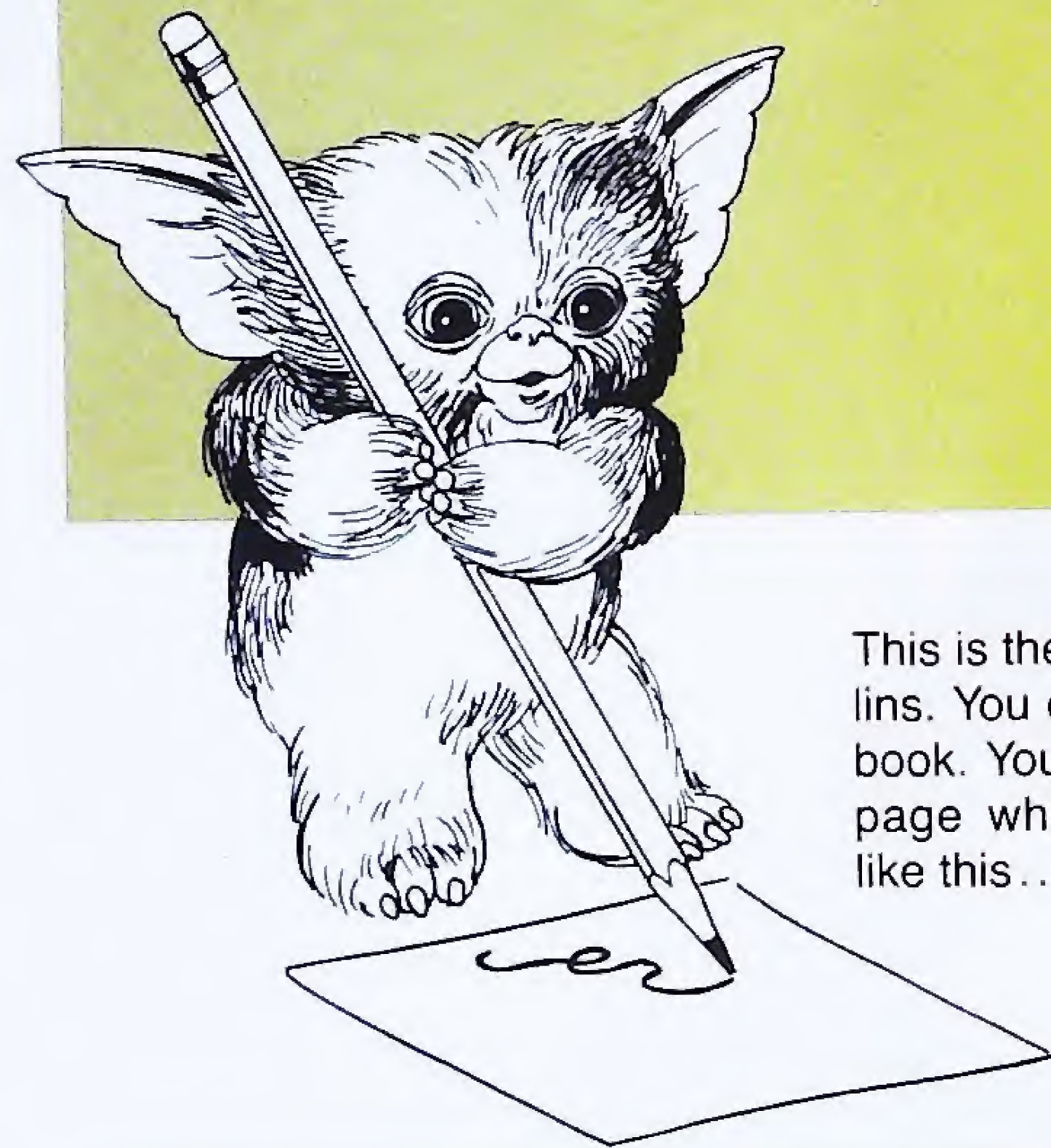
STORY 2





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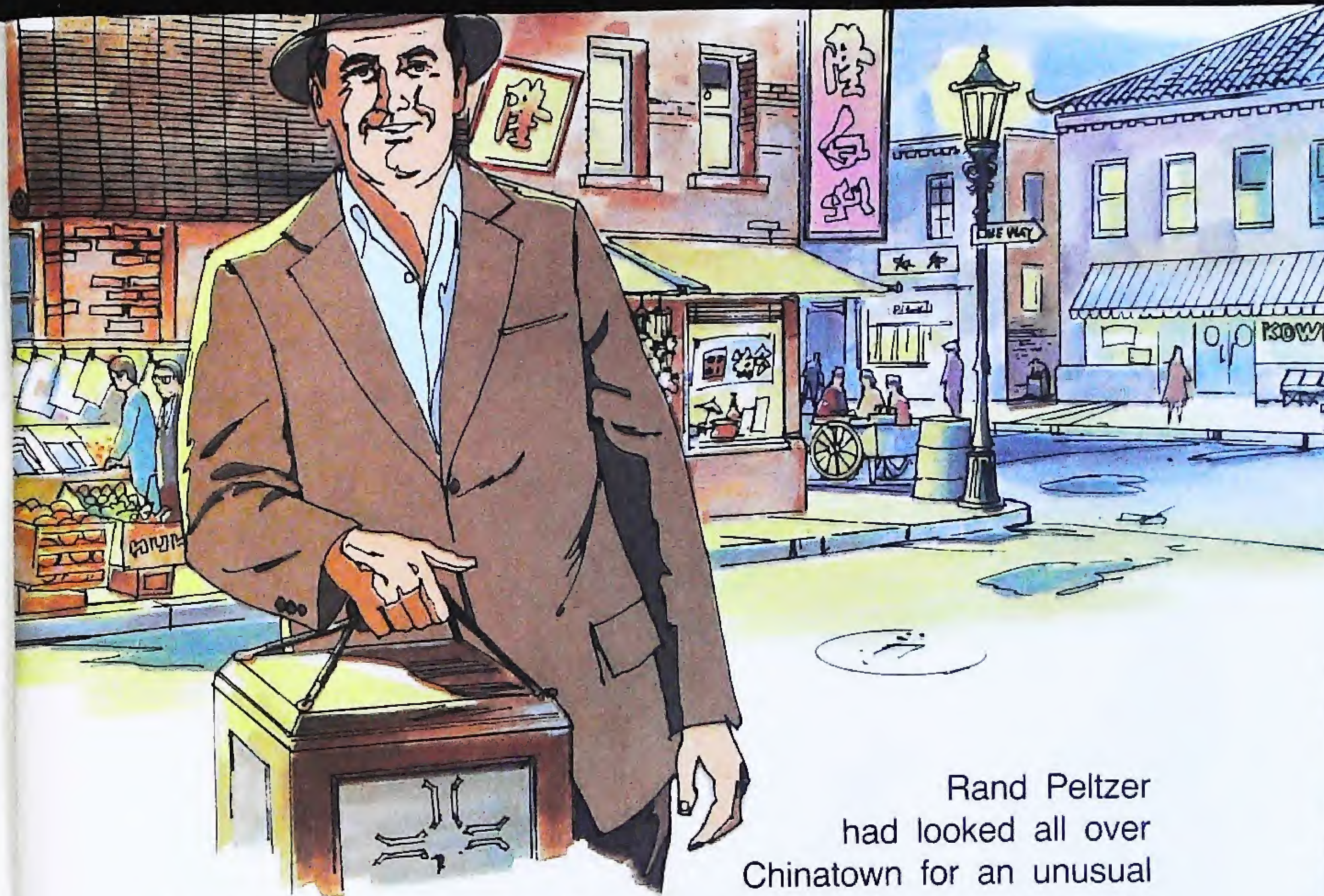
Story 2



This is the story of Gizmo and the Gremlins. You can read along with me in your book. You will know it is time to turn the page when you hear the chimes ring like this...

**Let's begin now:**

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Rand Peltzer had looked all over Chinatown for an unusual Christmas gift for his son, Billy. So when he had entered a musty backstreet shop and seen the exotic, furry Mogwai creature, he knew he had found it!

Billy, of course, loved the cute little animal, and named it Gizmo. Rand told Billy three important rules he had learned in Chinatown about caring for the Mogwai: no bright lights, especially sunlight; no water; and no food after midnight. Otherwise, bad things would happen.





A few days before Christmas, Billy's young friend Pete came over to visit. "Hey, Billy. I heard you got a new pet. Can I see it?"

Billy gently placed the tiny Mogwai on his drawing desk. Pete's eyes widened. "Wow! Where'd you get it?"

"My dad got him for me. His name's Gizmo."

Pete watched in fascination as the Mogwai picked up a sketching pencil. "Ha, ha! Look, Billy. To him, the pencil's as big as a post!"

"Can I pet him?" asked Pete. But as he reached out, he accidentally knocked over a glassful of paint brushes. "Oops."

Gizmo suddenly let out a screech as some drops of water splashed on him. Billy watched fearfully as Gizmo arched in pain. "Oh, no! He's not supposed to get wet! Gizmo, are you all right?"

As Billy stared helplessly, something strange happened to the tiny Mogwai. The spots where the five water drops had hit Gizmo slowly began to grow!





Then, as if by magic, the spots became five tiny balls of fur and popped off Gizmo's back. Billy's mouth fell open as the furry balls grew and grew. Each one then uncurled to reveal a brand new Mogwai!

Pete watched the five new creatures stand up and stretch their new arms and legs. "Wow! This is better than a comic book!"

"That must be how they multiply, Pete. No wonder you're not supposed to get them wet." Billy examined Gizmo. "Look, he's fine. The spots have completely disappeared. It's as if they were never there."

The new Mogwai grinned at each other, but Gizmo shied away from them all. Billy scratched his head. "Hmm. Look at that. Gizmo acts like they're different from him. But they all look about the same... same size and everything. All except for this little guy with the stripe of white hair on his head. I guess we ought to call you 'Stripe', huh? What do you think of that?"

The five Mogwai giggled, but Gizmo sat quietly by himself.





Billy took the new Mogwai downstairs and set them on the coffee table while he looked for his father. "Dad, we, uh, got Gizmo wet. I think you'd better look at what happened."

Rand walked into the living room to find the new Mogwai humming, giggling, and shoving each other happily. Stripe was playing a portable video game, and another was eating grapes out of a bowl. Rand shook his head. "Oh, brother! I think it's time we had these guys checked out. In the meantime, you'd better keep them up in your room. Don't let them near the shower or the sink, or we'll be up to our armpits in singing fuzzballs!"

Without anyone seeing him, one of the Mogwai spit a grape seed at Barney, the family dog. Barney jumped up and barked at the mischievous creature. Billy spun around and grabbed the dog. "Hey, easy, Barney."

Rand glanced at the innocent-looking Mogwai. "Aw, Barney's just jealous of your new pets. It might be a good idea if he sleeps downstairs for a while."

Gizmo stood in the doorway and frowned. He knew it wasn't Barney's fault.





The next morning, Billy took a Mogwai to his old friend, Mr. Hanson, the high school science teacher. Billy told him about the three important rules and how the new Mogwai had been created. Mr. Hanson examined the tiny creature carefully. "This is amazing, Billy. I've never seen anything like it. I'm afraid all I can tell you is that water has to be above freezing for them to multiply. They also seem to get upset if they're separated from each other. But frankly, I've no idea of what would happen if you fed them after midnight."



That night, as the household slept, Stripe awoke and nudged his four fellow Mogwai. Sharing grins, they sneaked past Billy and Gizmo, and headed downstairs.

A minute later, Barney was rudely awakened with a tiny punch. It was Stripe! The angry dog chased his furry assailant out the front door and onto the snowy front porch. Suddenly, Barney was surrounded by Mogwai. They pounced on him, threw him off the porch and ran back up to bed, leaving Barney locked outside.

When Billy finally awoke and rescued Barney, he noticed the five Mogwai sleeping like little angels. "Something funny's going on around here."





Late the next night, while Billy was working on a drawing, Stripe and his gang began to whine. "Hey, what's with you guys? You've already had dinner." But the creatures begged even louder for food. Billy checked the clock. "Well, it's still a half hour before midnight. I guess it's okay to give you a snack."

Billy brought the hungry Mogwai a plate of leftover chicken. "Here you go, guys. Bon appetit."

All the Mogwai began to devour the chicken with a passion—all, that is, except Gizmo. Billy nudged the little fellow. "Go on, Giz. Get something to eat."

But Gizmo frantically shook his head and whined. Something was wrong, and he didn't know how to tell Billy. Billy just shrugged. "Not hungry, huh? Well, it's time for bed anyway. See all you guys in the morning."

But Gizmo was too scared to fall asleep. He knew it was after midnight—he had seen Stripe unplug Billy's clock!







The next morning, Billy awoke to find the five new Mogwai gone. In their place were five large, sticky, green pods. Billy kneeled and examined the strange football-shaped shells. "Wow, these look like big cocoons or something. What's going on here? Gizmo, you know...don't you." Gizmo just stared at the pods in terror, his tiny eyes filled with fear.

Billy quickly dressed for work. "I've got to go now, Giz. Keep an eye on these things for me until I get back. See you later!"

The shadows grew long in the attic as evening approached. Gizmo still watched the silent pods in horror. Then, one of them quivered. Its surface began to bubble and crack. The same thing happened to a second pod—and then a third. The pods were hatching!

Gizmo shuddered as green smoke hissed out of the widening cracks. Then, with a final burst, the pods opened and out crawled five horrible creatures—Gremlins! Gizmo backed away as clawed, scaly hands began to reach for him.







That evening, when Billy got home from work he found the house was a mess. The Christmas tree was knocked over, and the kitchen was a shambles. Billy had an awful thought. "Oh, no. Could this be the pods!?"

He raced up to the attic, his heart pounding. There, he found the same story. His room was devastated. The door was off its hinges, furniture was smashed and papers were everywhere. Even his girlfriend's picture lay broken on the floor.

Then he noticed the torn, empty pods. "They've hatched. And whatever was inside these things is big and strong and mean. They're sure not cute and cuddly like Gizmo any more. Gizmo? I forgot all about him!"

Billy searched the room frantically. "Gizmo! Gizmo, where are you?"

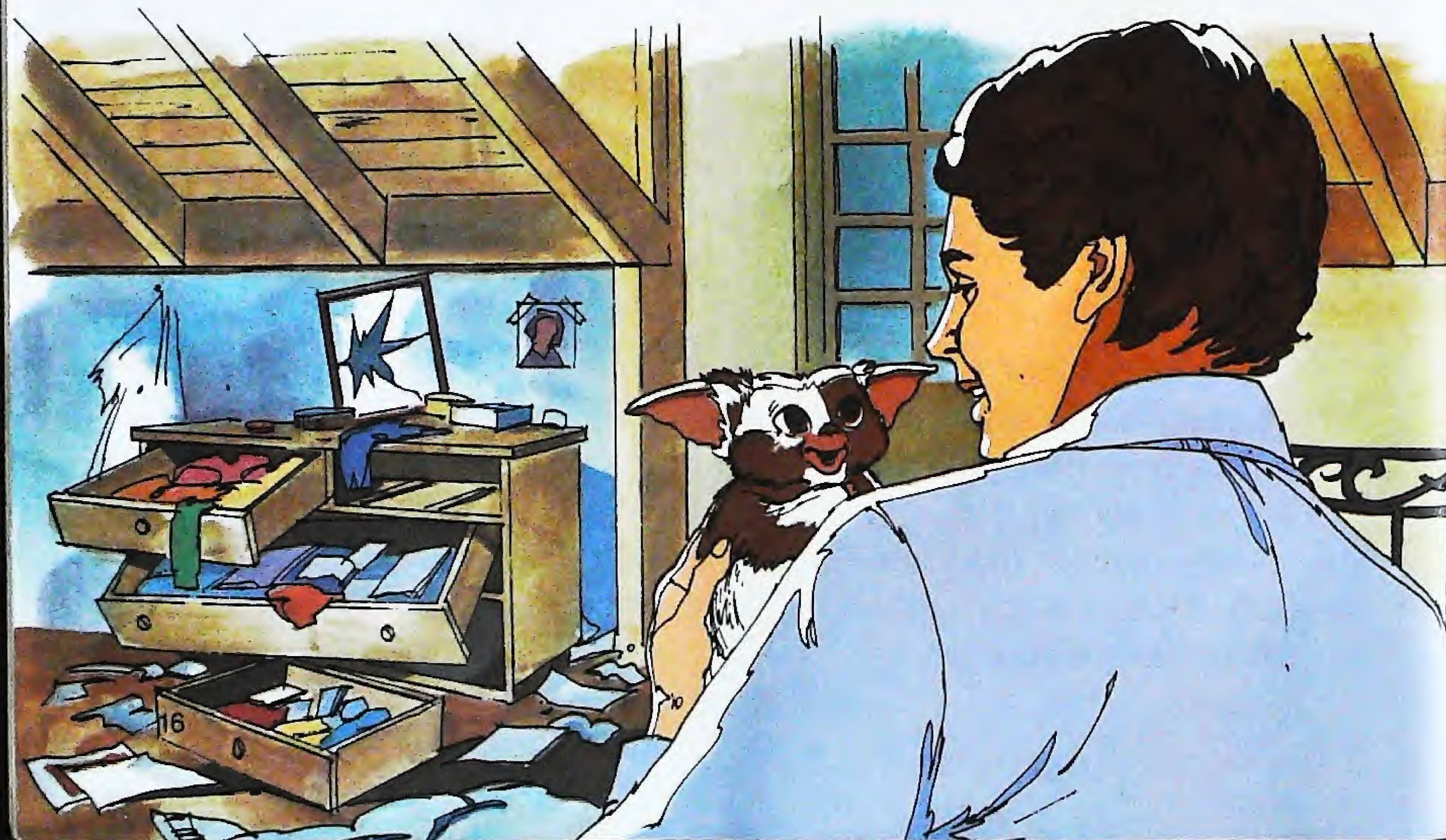
There was no answer.



Billy looked at the vicious destruction of his room, and he thought about his helpless little pet. He slumped into a chair shaking his head. "Oh, no. How could they? Not Gizmo."

Suddenly, there was a tiny squeak from the clothes chute. Billy rushed across the room, dug through a pile of shirts and lifted a furry bundle. "Gizmo! You're alive!" The tiny Mogwai hugged Billy warmly.

"I'm really glad you're safe, Gizmo. But as long as these terrible creatures are on the loose, no one is safe. It's up to us to find them, Gizmo!"





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